One thousand times

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16177712.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Relationships:	Kiryuuin Satsuki & Matoi Ryuuko, Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki, Matoi Ryuuko
Additional Tags:	Sister-Sister Relationship, Sister/Sister Incest, One-Sided Relationship, Longing, Incest, Sibling Incest, I like to see Satsuki suffer, Words hold back no storm, rhythmic prose, 1000th KLK fic, CELEBRATORY FIC, Five Years Later
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-03 Words: 783 Chapters: 1/1

One thousand times

by Jana_Valker

Summary

Ryuuko and Satsuki enjoy a beautiful day at the beach. Of course, things are a little more complicated than that, as they always do when Satsuki's feelings are involved.

_____

1000th KLK fic. It had to be scissor sister and hard mode, you just know it. Enjoy.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior."

Catullus

I remember.
I remember seeing you in that same light all those years ago. Has it been four years already?
Five. It has been five years. Five years and I have yet to-
Uhm.

I like the way you are always so focused, so concentrated. At times I follow your gaze, I wonder what you are thinking about. Whom.
So, uhm.

I have always been wonderful at expressing myself.

At directing others, of course, and no need for humble irony. At hiding my true loyalties?
Had I been anything less than perfect, I would not be here holding you hand.
I am not actually holding your hand.
Not now.
But I do sometimes.
I like it.
Uhm.
What are you looking for in the sky, sister of mine?
Mother is not coming back.
Nor is your precious friend.
Nor is my innocence.
Purity. Pity.
At times I have thoughts you know. I keep them hidden, I put them into a strong safe steel box which I hid inside a deep dark hole which I excavated under by bed.
I can still hear them burning.
You will not see these thoughts, sister of mine.
At times I have thoughts you know.
I feel sticky.
Some of Mother's touch is still inside me. On my skin. A veil. A stretched coil. I can't erase it if I were to scratch it raw. Nobody can.
So, uhm.
I like holding your hand.
I try not to show it too much.
Do you like my short hair?
I keep them short for you, sister of mine.
Do you enjoy the lemons I grow for you?
I can grow more.
Do you know their secret?

It matters not.
I did so many things for you, before.
I am doing so many things with you, now.

I like holding your hand.
You are not holding my hand.
You did before.
I will not let go of you sister of mine.
What a crazy bond we share.
You made a promise once.
I feel like you never fulfilled it.
A promise.
To have me on the grass. Will you?
It matters not.
I am here.
I am still here and will be here still.

I like the shape of your neck.
Such a foolish thought.
The masses would praise the firmness of your perfect breasts, the tinkle in your blue, blue, dark dark dark eyes, the gentleness in your smile, the fierce fire in your chest, your coarse laughter, your strong limbs, your unwavering heart.
Do you know your heart has been pumping my blood too?
It has been five years now.
Do you know who stole the sun? My beloved sister: do you know you stole the sun?
You stole the sun and I am freezing here and along your gaze I have to thaw.
Please look at me.
Would you take my hand if I were to offer it to you?
So little you can still take from me.
You have all of me.
Please take care of me, sister of mine.
Beloved.

I cannot say. I cannot say it.
Not in the white that into the dark is black.
That is not a space I live in.

Beloved.

I cannot write it on my lips and press them against yours because words hold back no storm.
I exist in the span of a gesture, sister of mine.

Will you hold my hand?

Still looking up I see.
I feel so distant.
I feel so different.
A sextant.
One arm at the sky another at the sea.

Five years looking for a harbour that is there not.
Five years and five more it will.
It matters not.
I am here and here still.

I have all these words I cannot say. I exist in an empty white space. Will you hear me knocking at your door? Will you let me in?
It matters not.

Looking down now.
A sigh.
Your eyes are upon me now.
How many questions in those eyes hidden? How many answered?
Your mouth moves.

Of course, I answer.
You take a short leave.
I like the way you walk.
A short leave.
It matters not.
I am still here. Here still.
The sand is nice.
The sea is wide and blue thought not as deep nor blue as your eyes. I like to watch the sea and wonder.

The ocean in your eyes, sister of mine.
Do one thing for me, will you?
Build me a white sail and a paper raft.
I shall be the lonesome crew.

No matter what.

Will you hold my hand?

I will hold yours.

End Notes

I love writing Satsuki.
By far my favourite character in the show, and the one who has stayed with me the most. I still love to come back at times and write for her, when she strums as my strings and I have to answer her prayers of one more story, one more scene, one more line.

I wanted to write something as this is the 1000th KlK fanfic published here on AO3. Also... today is the fifth anniversary of KILL LA KILL.
In the case someone else is posting their own 1000th and I have been ninja'd, too bad. It matters not.

This show has been an important part of my life when it began, and it was an even bigger one when it ended.

Satsuki is here still.

I hope you had fun reading the story. I love to write in rhythmic prose and I like to give word to Satsuki's thoughts. It references a couple past stories of mine, because I always think of the relationship between these two as something unsaid, a hole that can only exist in an empty space, a thing made of words, too fragile to even name. I expressed this theme in all of my stories starring them and I want to do the same now.

It's been five years.
October third 2013-October third 2018.

Thank you.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!